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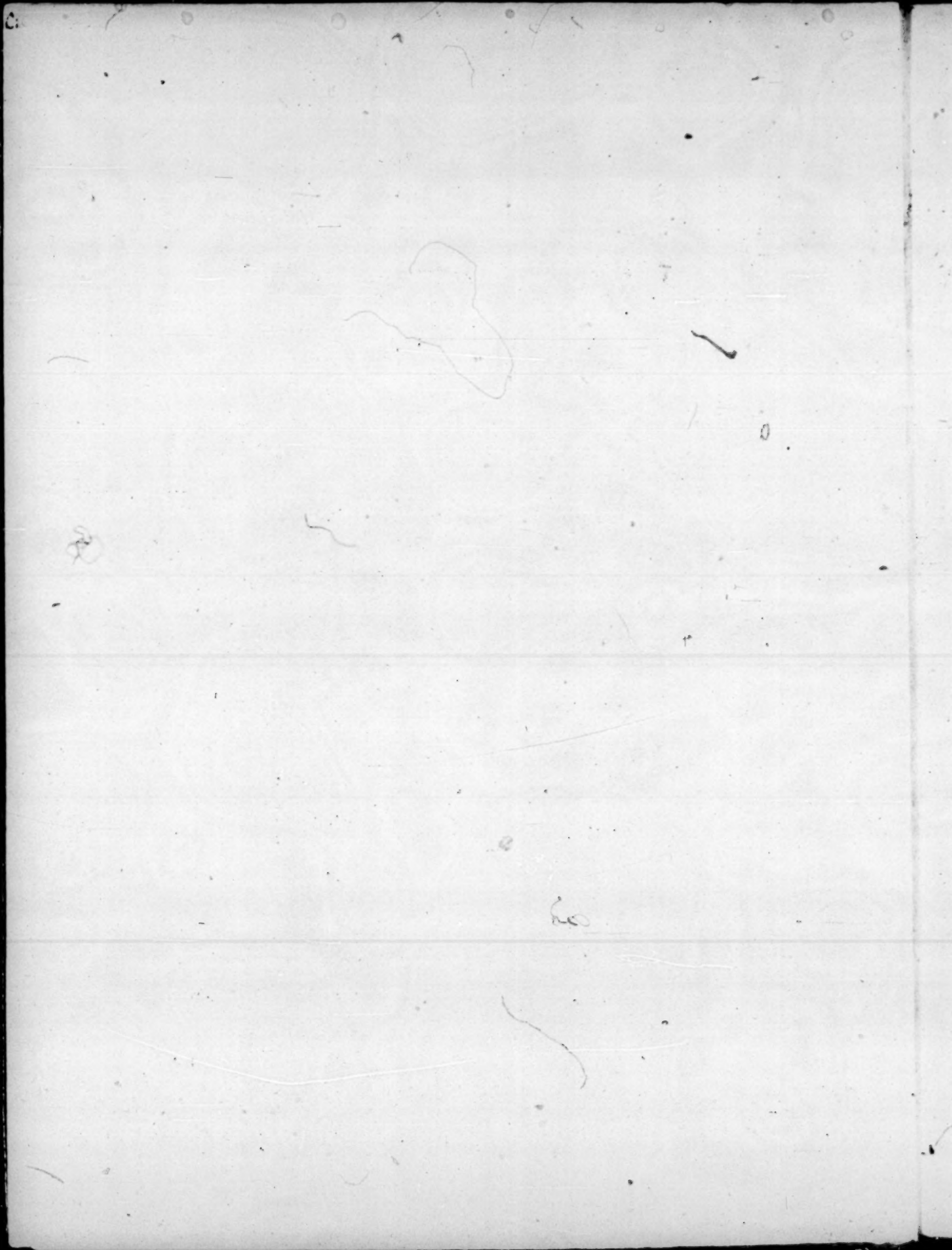
North

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of the

1963 Marlowe (C.) Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor
Faustus, with new Additions, *title mended,*
black letter, yellow morocco extra, gilt tooling *small 4to.* 1619

* * * This rare edition possesses great interest in having on the title a wood-
cut of Alleyn in his dramatic costume as Mephistophiles. This copy
sold for £7. 7s. in G. Daniel's sale.



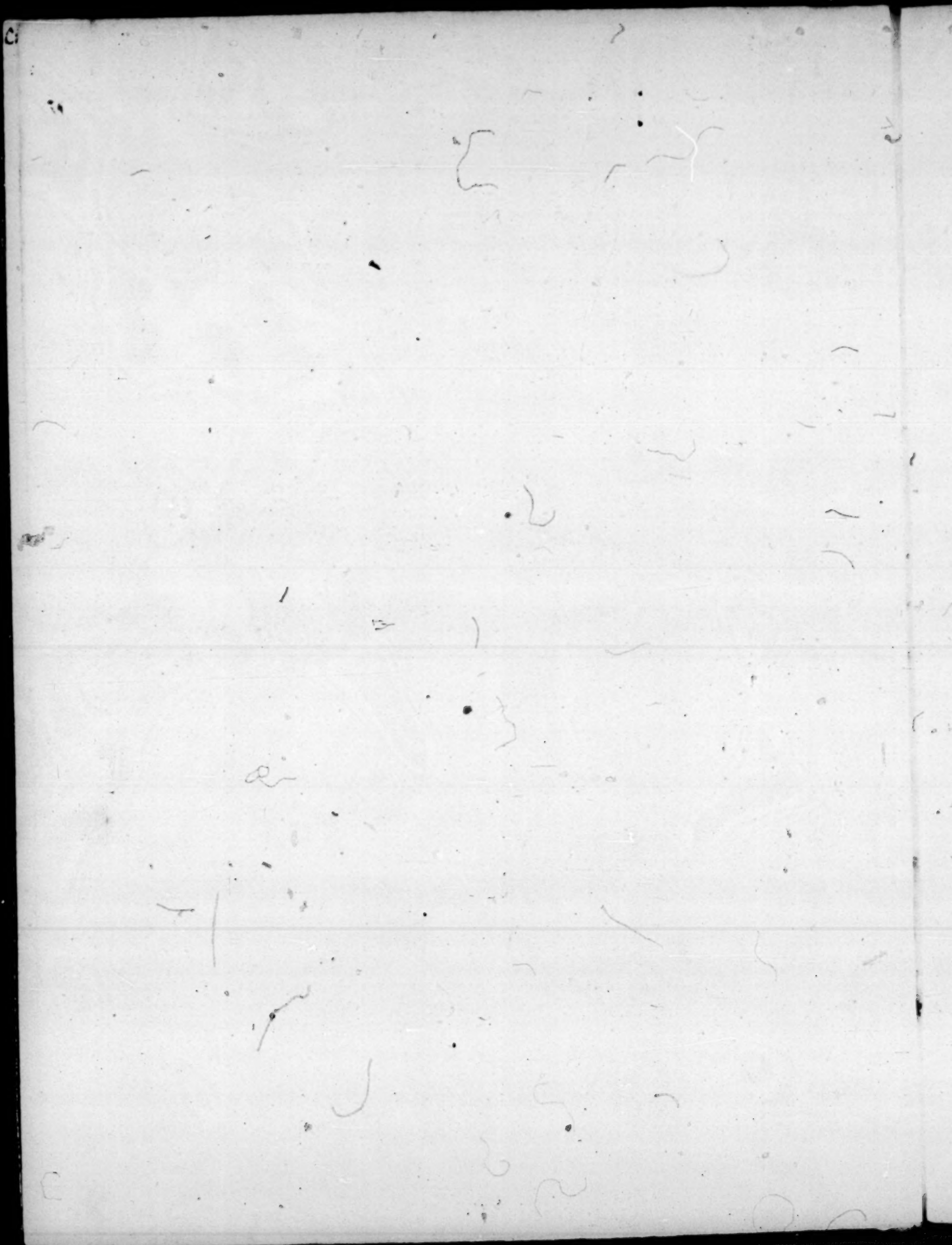
The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus.

With new Additions.

Written by Ch. Mar.



L O N D O N,
Printed for Iohn Wright, and are to be sold at his shop withour
Newgate, at the signe of the Bible. 1619.





THE TRAGEDIE OF Doctor Faustus.

Enter Chorus.

NO marching in the fields of Thrasimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In Courts of Kings, where state is over-turned:
Nor in the pompe of proud audacious doers,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly Uerse:
Onely this (Centles) we must now performe,
The forme of Faustus fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient iudgements we appeale,
And speake for Faustus in his infancie.
Now is he borne, of parents base of stocke,
In Germany, within a Towne call'd Rhodes.
At riper yeares to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his Kinsmen chiefly brought him vp.
So much he profits in Diuinitie,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th'heavenly matters of Theologie:
Till swolne with cunning and a selfe conceit,
His wahren wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting, heauens conspir'd his ouer throw:
For falling to a diuelish exercise,
And glutted now with learnings golden gifts,
He surfets on the cur'd Necromancie.

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Nothing so sweet, as Magicke is to him,
Which he preferres before his chiefeſt bliſſe,
And this the man that in his Study ſits.

Faustus in his Study.

Faust. Settle thy Studies Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profeſſe,
Having commenc'd, be a Divine in ſhew,
Yet leuell at the end of euery Art,
And liue and dye in Ariſtoteles workes.
Sweet Analytickes, 'tis thou haſt raviſht me,
Bene differere eſt finis Logicis.
Is to diſpute well Logicks chiefeſt end?
Affords this Art no greater miracle,
Then read no more, thou haſt attaind that end:
A greater ſubiect fitteth Faustus wit:
Bid Oeconomy farewell; and Gallen come:
Be a Phiſition Faustus, heape vp gold,
And be eterniz'd for ſome wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinae ſanitas,
The end of Phyſicke is our bodys health:
Why Faustus, haſt thou not attaind that end?
Are not thy billes hung vp as monuments,
Whereby whole Cities haue eſcap't the plague,
And diuers desperate maladies bene cur'd?
Yet art thou ſtill but Faustus, and a man.
Couldſt thou make men to liue eternally,
Or being dead raiſe them to life againe,
Then this profeſſion were to be eſteem'd.
Phyſicke farewell: where is Iuſtinian?
Si vna eademque res legatus duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei &c.
A petty caſe of paltry Legacies,
Exhereditari filium non poteſt Pater, niſi &c.
Such is the ſubiect of the Inſtitute.
And vniuerſall body of the Law.
This Study ſits a Mercenary drudge,
Who aymes at nothing but externall traſh:
Too ſeruite and illiberall for me,

of Doctor Faustus.

When all is done Divinity is best:

Ieromes Bible Faustus, hee w^t it well:

Stipendium peccati mors est: ha? Stipendium &c.

The reward of sin is death: that's hard:

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas.

If we say that we haue no sinne

We deceiue our selues and there is no truth in vs.

Why then belike we must sinne,

And so consequently dye,

I, we must dye an euerlasting death.

What doctrine call you this? Che sera, sera:

What will be, shall be; Divinity adew.

These Metaphisicks of Magicians,

And negromanticke booke are heauenly,

Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters:

I, these are those that Faustus most desires.

O what a world of profit and delight,

Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,

Is promis'd to the studious Artizan!

All things that moue betwene the quiet Poles,

Shall be at my command: Emperors and Kings

Are but obey'd in their seuerall Prouinces:

But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Stretcheth as farre as doth the minde of man:

A sound Magitian is a Demi god,

Here fire my braines to gaine a Deity. Enter Wagner.

Wagner commend me to my dearest friends,

The Germane Valdes and Cornelius,

Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will sir.

Exit.

Faust. Their conference will be a greater helpe to me,

Then all my labours, plod I nere so fast.

Enter the Angell and Spirit.

Good An. O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside,
And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soule,
And heape Gods heauy wrath vpon thy head.

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Read, read the Scriptures: that is blasphemy.

Bad An. So forward Faustus in that famous Art
Wherein all Natures treasure is contain'd:

He thou on earth as Ioue is in the Skye,

Lord and Commander of these Elements.

Exit An.

Faust. How am I glutted with conceipt of this?

Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I please?

Resolue me of all ambiguities:

Performe what desperate enterprize I will:

Ile haue them flye to India for gold,

Ransacke the Ocean for Orient Pearle,

And search all corners of the new found World

For pleasant fruits, and princely delicacies.

Ile haue them read me strange Philosophy,

And tell the secrets of all forraigne Kings:

Ile haue them wall all Germany with Brasse,

And with swift Rhine circle faire Wittenberge:

Ile haue them fill the publique Schooles with skill,

Wherewith the Students shall be brauely clad.

Ile leau Souldiers with the coyne they bring,

And chase the Prince of Parma from our Land,

And raigne sole King of all the Prouinces.

Pea stranger Engines for the brunt of warre,

When was the fiery keele at Anwerpe Bridge,

Ile make my seruile Spirits to inuent.

Come Germane Valdes and Cornelius,

Enter Valdes

And make me wise with your sage conference.

and Cornel.

Valdes, sweet Valdes and Cornelius,

Know that your words haue won me at the last,

To practise Magicke and concealed Arts.

Philosophy is of toys and obscure:

Both Law, and Physicke are for petty wits,

It is Magicke, Magicke that hath rauisht me.

Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt,

And I that haue with subtile Syllogismes

Crauell'd the Pastors of the Germane Church,

And made the flowing pride of Wittenberge

Swarme to my Problemes, as th' internall spirits

of Doctor Faustus.

On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Still be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Val. Faustus, these booke, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all Nations to canonize vs,
As Indian Moores obey their Spanish Lords:
So shall the spirits of euery Element,
Be alwayes seruiceable to vs three:
Like Lions shall they guard vs when we please.
Like Almane Rutters with their horsemen's haues,
Or Lopland Giar's trotting by our sides.
Sometimes like women or vnwedded maides,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy browes
Then haue the white breasts of the Quene of Loue.
From Venice they shall drag whole Argosies,
And from America the golden fleece,
That yearely stuffes old Phillips treasury,
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this,
As thou to liue: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that Magicke will performe,
Will make thee bolw to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in Astrology,
Enricht with tongues, well scene in Minerals,
Hath all the Principles Magick doth require:
Then doubt not Faustus but to be renowned,
And more frequented for this Mystery,
Then heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The Spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foraine wazackes:
Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing Cornelius. O this cheeres my soule:
Come, shew me some demonstrations Magickall,
That I may conure in some bushy Grove,
And haue these toys in full possession.

Vald. Then hast thee to some solitary Grove,

And

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And beare wise Bacons, and Albanus woordes,
The Hebrew Psalter, and new Testament,
And whatseuer else is requisite,
We will informe thee ere our conference cease.

Cor. Valdes, first let him know the words of Art,
And then all other ceremonies learned
Faustus may try his cunning by himselfe.

Val. First Ile instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter then I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meate
We'll canuase euery quidditie thereof:
For ere I sleepe Ile try what I can doe.
This night Ile coniure though I die therefore. *Exeunt omni.*

Enter two Schollers.

1 Sch. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont
To make our Scholes ring with sic probo. *Enter Wag.*

2 Sch. That shall we presently know, here comes his Boy.

1 Sch. How now sirra, wheres thy Master?

Wag. God in heauen knowes.

2 Sch. Why, dost not thou know then?

Wag. Yes, I know, but that folloves not.

1 Sch. Go to sirra, leaue your iesting & tell vs where he is.

Wag. That folloves not by force of argument, which
you being Licentiats, should stand vpon, therefore acknowledge
your error, and be attentiu.

2 Sch. Then you will not tell vs?

Wag. You are deceiued, for I will tell you: yet if you were
not dunces, you would neuer aske me such a question. For is
he not Corpus naturale? and is not that mobile? Then where-
fore should you aske me such a question? But that I am by na-
ture flegmaticque, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to loue
I would say) it were not for you to come within forty foot of
the place of execution, although I doe not doubt but to see you
both hanged the next Sessions. Thus hauing triumpht ouer
you, I will set my countenance like a Precisian, and beginne
to speake thus: Truly my deare Brethren, my Master
is

of Doctor Faustus.

is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine
if it could speake would informe your Worsships: and so
the Lord blesse you, preserve you, and keepe you, my deare
brethren. Exit.

1 Sch. O Faustus then I feare y^e which I haue long suspected:
That thou art fallen into that damned Art,
For which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Sch. Were he a stranger, not allyed to me,
The danger of his soule would make me mourne:
But come, let vs goe, and informe the Rector:
It may be his graue counsell may reclaime.

1 Sch. I feare me, nothing will reclaime him now.

2 Sch. Yet let vs see what we can doe. Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer and foure Diuells, *Faustus* to
them with this Speech.

Faust. Now that the glomy shadow of the Night,
Longing to view Orions drizzling lake,
Leapes from th' Antarticke World vnto the Skye,
And dimmes the Welkin with his pitchy breath:
Faustus, begin thine Enchantations,
And trye if Diuells will obey thy Wilt,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this Circle is Iehouah's Name,
Forward, and backward, Anagramatis'd:
Th' abbreviated names of holy Saints,
Figures of every aduice to the heauens,
And Characters of Signes and erring Starres,
By which the Spirits are forc'd to rise:
Then feare not Faustus to be resolute,
And try the vtmost Magicke can performe.

Thunder. Sint mihi Dij acherontis propitij, valeat numen tri-
plex Iehoua, ignei, Aerij, Aquitani spiritus saluete: Orientis
Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis Monarcha & Demigor-
gon, propitiamus vos, vt appareat, & surgat Mephistophilis
Dragon, quod tunc eratis; per Iehouam, gehennam, & con-
secratam

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secratam aquam, quam nunc spargo; signumque Crucis quæ
nunc facio; & per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicat
Mephostophilis.

Enter a Diuell.

I charge thee to returne and change thy shape,
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:

Goe and returne an old Franciscan Frier,
That holy shape becomes a Diuell best.

Exit Diuell.

If there's vertue in my heavenly words.
Who would not be present in this Art?
How pliant is this Mephostophilis?
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of Magick, and my spels.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. How Faustus what wouldst thou have me doe?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To doe what euer Faustus shall command:
Be it to make the Sonne drop from her Spheare,
Or the Ocean to ouerwhelme the world.

Meph. I am a seruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leaue;
No more then he commands must we performe.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appeare to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of my owne accord.

Faust. Did not my coniuring raise thee? speake.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet per accident:
For when we heare one racke the name of God,
Abiure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ;
We lye, in hope to get his glorious soule:
No; will wee come vnlasse he vse such meanes,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for coniuring
Is stoutly to abiure all Godlinesse,
And pray deuoutly to the Prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath already done. and holds this principle;
There is no chief but onely Beelzebub;

of Doctor Faustus.

To whom Faustus hath dedicate himselfe.

This word damnation terrifies not me,

For I confound Hell in Elizium:

My Ghost be with the old Philosophers.

But leaving these vaine trifles of mens soules,

Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and Commander of all Spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?

Meph. Yes Faustus and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

Meph. O: by aspiring pride and insolence,

For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy Spirits that live with Lucifer,

Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,

And are for ever damnd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damnd? Meph. In Hell.

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?

Meph. Why this is Hell, no: am I out of it.

I think thou that I, that saw the face of God,

And tasted the eternall loves of Heaven,

Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells,

In being depriv'd of everlasting blisse?

O Faustus, leave those frivolous demands,

Which strike a terror to my fainting soule.

Faust. What is great Mephistophilis so passionate,

For being depriv'd of the loves of heaven?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorne those loves thou never shalt possess.

Go beare these tidings to great Lucifer,

Saying Faustus hath incur'd eternall death,

By desperate thoughts against loves Deity:

Say he surrenders up to him his soule,

So he will spare him foure and twenty yeares,

Letting him live in all voluptuousnesse,

Having thee ever to attend on me,

To give me whatsoever I shall aske,

To tell me whatsoever I demand:

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To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends,
And alwayes be obedient to my will.

Go, and returns to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my Study at Midnight,
And then resolve me of thy Masters minde.

Meph. I will Faustus.

Exit.

Faust. Had I as many soules as there be Starres,
I'de giue them all for Mephostophilis:

By him, I'll be great Emperour of the World,
And make a Bridge, through the moving Ayre,
To passe the Ocean with a band of men
I'll loyne the Vills that binde the Afflicke shore,
And make that Country continent to Spaine,
And both contributary to my Crowne.

The Emperour shall not live but by my leaue,
Nor any Potentate of Germany.

Now that I haue obtain'd what I dur'd,
I'll live in speculation of this Art
Till Mephostophilis returne againe.

Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Come hither sirra boy.

Clo. Boy? O disgrace to my person: Zounds Boy in your
face, you haue sene many boyes with beards I am sure.

Wag. Sirra, hast thou no connings in?

Clo. Yes, and goings out too, you may see sir.

Wag. Alas poore slave, see how pouerty tests in his naked-
nesse, I know the Villaine's out of seruice, and so hungry,
that I know he would giue his soule to the Diuell for a shoul-
der ofutton, though it were bloud raw.

Clo. Not so neither, I had need to haue it well roasted, and
good sauce to it, if I pay so deare, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirra, wilt thou be my man and wait on me: and I
will make thee goe, like Quinimidi discipulus.

Clo. What in verse?

Wag. O slave, in beaten Alie, and stauessaker.

Clo. Stauessaker: that's good. kill Uermine: then be-
like

of Doctor Faustus.

like if I serue you, I shall be louzy.

Wag. Why so thou shalt bee, whether thou dost it or no: for sirra, if thou dost not presently binde thy selfe to mee for seuen yeares, I'll turne all the lice about thee into Familiars, and make them teare thee in peeces.

Clo. Nay sir you may saue your selfe a labour, for they are as familiar with me, as if they paid for their meat and drinke, I can tell you.

Wag. Well sirra, leaue your testing, and take these Guilders.

Clo. Yes marry sir, and I thanks you to.

Wag. So, now thou art to be at an houres warning, whensoever and wheresoeuer the Diuell shall fetch thee.

Clo. Here take your Guilders againe, I le none of 'em.

Wag. Not I, thou art prest, prepare thy selfe, for I will presently raise vp two Diuells to carry thee away. Banio? Belcher?

Clo. Belcher? and Belcher come here, I'll belch him: I am not affraid of a Diuell.

Enter two Diuells.

Wag. Now now sir, will you serue me now?

Clo. I good Wagner take away the Diuell then.

Wag. Spirits away, now sirra follow me.

Clo. I will sir, but harken you Maister, will you teach mee this coniuering Occupation?

Wag. I sirra. I'll teach thee to turne thy selfe to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse or a Rat, or any thing.

Clo. A Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat: O brave Wagner.

Wag. Villaine, call mee Maister Wagner, and see that you walke attentively, and let your right eye bee alwayes Diame-trall, fix vpon my left harte, that thou maist, *Quasi uelligias nostras inspicere.*

Clo. Well sir, I warrant you.

Exeunt

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Faust. Now Faustus must thou needs be damnd?
Canst thou not be sau'd?

What bootes it then to thinke on God or Heauen?

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Away with such vaine fancies, and despaires,
Despaire in God, and trust in Belzebub,
Now goe not backward Faustus, be resolute.
Why waverst thou: O something soundeth in mine eare,
Abjure this Magicke, turne to God againe.
Why he looses thee not: The God thou seru'st is thine owne
Wherein is first the loue of Belzebub: (appetite,
To him Ile build an Altar and a Church,
And offer lake-warme blood, of new borne babes.

Enter the two Angels.

Euill An. Goe forward Faustus in that most famous Art.
Good An. Sweet Faustus leave that execrable Art.
Faust. Contrition, Prayer, Repentance: What be these?
Good An. O, they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.
Euill An. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that doe vse them most.
Good A. Sweet Faustus think of heauen & heavenly things.
Bad A. No Faustus, think of honoꝝ & of wealth. Exeunt An.
Faust. Wealth: Why the Signory of Emlden shalbe mine.
When Mephostophilis shall stand by me
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts: Mephostophilis, come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
It not midnight? Come Mephostophilis.
Veni, veni. Mephostophilis. Enter Meph.
Now, tell me what saith Lucifer thy Lord.
Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he liues,
So he will buy my seruice with his soule.
Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.
Meph. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a Deed of Gift with thine owne blood:
For that security craues Lucifer.
If thou deny it I must back to hell.
Faust. Stay Mephostophilis, and tell me,
What good will my soule doe thy Lord?
Meph. Enlarge his kingdome.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts vs thus ?

Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Faust. Why, haue you any paine that torture other ?

Meph. As great as haue the humane soules of men.

But tell me Faustus shall I haue thy soule ?

And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,

And giue thee more then thou hast wit to aske.

Faust. I Mephostophilis, I'll giue it him.

Meph. When Faustus shall thy Arme courageously,

And bind thy soule, that at some certaine day

Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne.

And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Fau. Lo Mephost: for loue of thee Faustus hath cut his Arme,

And with his proper blood assures his soule to be great Lucifer;

Chiefe Lord and Regent of perpetuall night.

View here this blood that trickles from mine Arme,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But Faustus,

Write it in manner of a Deed of Guilt.

Faust. I so I doe; but Mephostophilis

My blood congeales, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolue it straight. Exit.

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend ?

It is unwilling I should write this bill :

Why streames it not that I may write afresh ?

Faustus giues to thee his soule : & there it staid.

Why shouldst thou not ? is not thy soule thine owne ?

Then write againe : Faustus giues to thee his soule.

Enter Mephostophilis with the Chafin of Fire.

Meph. See Faustus here is fire, set it on.

Faustus. So, now the blood begins to cleare againe,

Now will I make an end immediately.

Meph. What will not I doe to attaine his soule ?

Faust. Consummatum est : this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer,

But what is this Inscription on mine Arme ?

Homo

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Homo fuge, whether should I flye?

If vnto heauen heele throw me downe to hell.

My senses are deceiued heere's nothing wixt:

O yes, I see it plaine, euen heere is wixt

Homo fuge. yet shall not Faustus flye.

Meph. Ile fetch him some hat to delight his minde. Exit.

Enter Diuels, giuing Crownes and rich apparrell to

Faustus: they dance and then depart.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Faust. What meanes this shew? speake Mephostophilis.

Meph. Nothing Faustus but to delight thy minde,

And let thee see what Magicke can performe.

Faust. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

Meph. I Faustus, and doe greater things then these.

Fau. Then Mephostophilis receiue this scrole,

A Deed of Gift, of body and of soule:

But yet conditionally, that thou performe.

All couenants, and Articles betwene vs both.

Meph. Faustus, I sweare by Hell and Lucifer,

To effect all promises betwene vs both.

Faust. Then heare me read it Mephostophilis.

On these conditions following.

First, that *Faustus* may be a Spirit in forme and substance.

Secondly, that *Mephostophilis* shall bee his seruant, and be by him commanded.

Thirdly, that *Mephostophilis* shall doe for him, and bring him whatsoeuer.

Fourthly, that he shall be in his Chamber or house inuisible.

Lastly, that he shall appeare to the said *John Faustus*, at all times, in what shape and forme soeuer he please.

I *John Faustus* of Wittemberg, Doctor, by these presents, doe giue both body and soule to *Lucifer*, Prince of the East, and his Minister *Mephostophilis*, and furthermore grant vnto them that foure and twenty yeares being expired, and these Articles aboue written being inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said

of Doctor Faustus.

said Iohn Faustus body and soule, flesh and bloud, into their habitation where soeuer.

By me Iohn Faustus.

Meph. Speake Faustus, doe you deliuer this as your Wadde

Faust. I, take it, and the diuell giue thee good of it.

Meph. So now Faustus aske me what thou wilt.

Faust. First, I will question thee about Hell.

Tell me, where is the place that men call Hell?

Meph. Under the heauens.

Faust. I, so are all things else: but whereabouts?

Meph. Within the bowels of these Elements,
Where we are tormented and remaine for euer.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one selfe place: but where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we euer be.
And to be short, when all the world dissolues,
And every creature shall be purifi'd,
All places shall be hell that are not heauen.

Faust. I thinke hell's a mere fable.

Meph. I, thinke so still till experience change thy minde.

Faust. Why, dost thou thinke that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. I, of necessitie, for here's the scroole
In which thou hast giuen thy soule to Lucifer.

Faust. I, and body to, but what of that?

Thinkest thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That after this life there is any paine?

No, these are trifles, and mere old wiues tales.

Meph. But I am an instance to proue the contrary:
For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.

Faust. Nay, and this be hell, Ile willingly be damn'd:
What sleeping, eating, walking and disputing?

But leauing this, let me haue a wife, t. sayest thou in Ger-
many, for I am wanton and lasciuious, and cannot liue with-
out a wife.

Meph. Well Faustus, thou shalt haue a wife.

He fetches in a woman diuell.

Faust. What sight is this?

C

Meph

The Tragical History

Meph. Now Faustus, wilt thou haue a wife?

Faust. Were's a hot whore indeed: no, Ile no wife.

Meph. Marriage is but a ceremoniall toy,
And if thou lovest me thinke no more of it:
Ile cull thee out the fairest Curtezans,
And bring them euery morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thine heart shall haue,
Where she as chaste as was Penelope;
As wise as Saba, or as beautifull,
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this booke, and peruse it well:
The iterating of these lines brings good.
The framing of this Circle on the ground,
Brings Thunder, Whirle-windes, Storme and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy selfe,
And men in harnesse shall appeare to thee,
Ready to execute what thou commandst.

Faust. Thankes Mephostophilis for this sweet booke.
This will I keepe, as chary as my life. Exeunt.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus
To know the secrets of Astronomy
Cranen in the booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top.
Wein seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of vreaky Dragons necke,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,
And as I guesse will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court:
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That on this day is highly solemnized. Exit Wagner.

Enter Faustus in his Study and Mephostophilis.

Faust. When I behold the heauens then I repent,
And curse the wicked Mephostophilis

Because

of Doctor Faustus.

Because thou hast deprind me of those toys.

Meph. 'Twas thine owne seeking Faustus, thanks thy selfe.
But thinkest thou Heauen such a glorious thing?

I tell thee Faustus, it is not halfe so faire
As thou. or any man that breaths on earth.

Faust. How proudest thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for Man, then hee's more excellent.

Faust. If Heauen was made for man, 'twas made for vs:
I will renounce this Magicke and repent.

Enter the two Angells.

Good A. Faustus repent, yet God will pittie thee.

Bad. A. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pittie thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine eares I am a spirit:
Be I a Diuell yet God may pittie mee.

Pea, God will pittie me if I repent.

Euill An. I, but Faustus neuer shall repent.

Exit Angells.

Faust. My heart is hardned, I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name saluation, faith, or heauen.
Swords, poysons, ha'ters, and inuenom'd Steele,
Are laid before me to dispatch my selfe:
And long ere this I should haue done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd darpe despair.
Haue not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexanders loue, and Oenons death?
And hath not he that built the walles of Thebes,
With rauishing sound of his melodious Harpe,
Made musicke with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I dre then or basely despair?
I am resolu'd Faustus shall not repent.
Come Mephistophilis, let vs dispute againe,
And reason of Diuine Astrology.
Speake, are there many Sphaeres aboue the Vniuers?
Are all Celestiall bodies but one Globe,
As is the substance of this Centricke Earth?

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Meph. As are the Elements such are the Heauens,
Euen from the Moone vnto the Imperiall Dybe,
Mutually folded in each others Spheares,
And ioyntly moue vpon one Arle-tree,
Whose terminie is termed the worlds wide Pole.
Nor are the names of Saturne, Mars or Iupiter,
Faint but are euening Starres.

Faust. But haue they all one motion both situ & tempore?

Meph. All moue from East to West, in foure and twenty
houres, vpon the Poles of the world, but differ in their moti
ons vpon the Poles of the Zodiacke.

Faust. These slender questions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?

Who knowes not the double motion of the Planets?

That the first is finish't in a naturall day?

The second thus, Saturne in 30. yeares;

Iupiter in 12. Mars in 4. the Sun, Venus, and

Mercury in a yeare; the Moone in twenty eight dayes.

These are fresh mens questions: but tell me, hath euery
Spheare a Dominion, or Intelligencia. Meph. I.

Faust. How many Heauens or Spheares are there?

Meph. Nine, the seauen Planets, the Firmament, and the
Imperiall Heauen.

Faust. But is there not Cœum-Igneum & Christallinum?

Meph. No Faustus, they be but Fables.

Faust. Resolue me then in this one question:

Why are not Coniunctions, Oppositions, Aspects, Eclipses,
all at one time, but in some yeares we haue more, in some lesse?

Meph. Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.

Faust. Well, I am answer'd: now tell mee who made the

Meph. I will not. world?

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis tell me.

Meph. Doue me not Faustus.

Faust. Willst thou haue not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. I, that is not against our Kingdome.

This is: Thou art damn'd, thinke thou of hell.

Faust. Thinke Faustus vpon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. ———

Exit.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. I goe accursed Spirit to bely hell :
Tis thou hast damnd distressed Faustus soule. It not to late :

Enter the two Angells.

Bad. Too late.

Good. Neuer too late if Faustus will repent.

Bad. If thou repent, Diuels will teare thee in pieces.

Good. Repent, and they shall neuer raise thy skin. Ex. An.

Faust. O Christ my Saviour, my Saviour,
Helpe to saue distressed Faustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis.

Lucif. Christ cannot saue thy soule, for he is iust,
There's none but I haue interest in the same.

Faust. O what art thou that look'st so terribly.

Lucif. I am Lucifer, & this is my companion Prince in hell.

Faust. O Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soule.

Belz. We are come to tell thee thou dost iniure vs.

Lucif. Thou calst on Christ contrary to thy promise.

Belz. Thou should'st not thinke on God,

Lucif. Thinke on the Diuell.

Belz. And his dam to.

Faust. For will Faustus henceforth : pardon him for this,
And Faustus bowes neuer to looke to heauen.

Lucif. So shalt thou shew thy selfe an obedient seruant,
And wee will highly gratifie thee for it.

Belz. Faustus, wee are come from Hell in Person to shew
thee some pastime : sit downe, and thou shalt behold the seauen
deadly sinnes appeare to thee in their owne proper shapes and
likenesse.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasant to mee, as Paradise
was to Adam the first day of his Creation.

Lucif. Talke not of Paradise or Creation, but marke the
shew, goe Mephostophilis, fetch them in.

Enter the seauen deadly Sinnes.

Belz. Now Faustus, question them of their names and dis-
positions.

The Tragicall Historie

Faust. What shall I see : What art thou the first ?

Pride. I am Pride ; I disdain to haue any parents : I am like to Ouids Flea, I can creepe into euery corner of a Wench : Sometimes, like a Perriwigge, I sit vpon her Brow : next, like a Pecke lace, I hang about her Pecke : Then, like a Fanne of Feathers, I kisse her : And then turning my selfe to a wrought Smocke doe what I list. But sye, what a small Wench : He not speake a word more for a Kings ransome, vnlesse the ground bee perfum'd and couer'd with cloth of Aras.

Faust. Thou art a proud knaue indeed : what art thou the second :

Couet. I am Couetousnesse : begotten of an old Churle in a leather bag : and might I now obtaine my wish, this house, you and all, should turne to Gold, that I might locke you safe into my Chest : O my sweet Gold.

Faust. And what art thou the third :

Enuy. I am Enuy, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper and an Oyster-wife : I cannot read, and therefore with all bookes burn'd. I am leane with seeing others eate : O that there would come a famine ouer all the world, that all might die, and I liue alone, then then should I see how fat I be. But must thou sit, and I stand : come downe with a vengeance.

Faust. Out enuious wretch : But what art thou the fourth :

Wrath. I am Wrath ; I had neither father nor mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an houre old, and euer since haue run vp and downe the world with these case of Rapiers, wounding my selfe, when I could get none to fight withall : I was borne in hell, and looke to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. And what art thou the fift :

Glut. I am Gluttony ; my parents are all dead, and the Diuell a peny they haue left me, but a small pention and that bures me thirty meales a day, and ten Beauers : a small trifle to suffice nature. I come of a Noble Pedigree, my father was a Carrion of Bacon, and my mother was a Dogs-head of Claret Wine. My God fathers were these : Peter pickeld-herring, and Martin Martlemasse base : But my God

mother

of Doctor Faustus.

mother, O she was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-bàre. Now Faustus thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. Not I.

Clut. Then the Diuell choake thee.

Faust. Choake thy selfe Glutton: What art thou the first?

Sloth. Hey ho: I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny banke. Hey ho, Ile not speake a word more for a kings ransom.

Faust. And what are you Misstris Pintes the seventh & last?

Letch. Who? I sir? I am one that loues an inch of raw Mutton, better then an ell of fride Stockfish: and the first letter of my name beginsnes with Letchery.

Lucif. Away to hell, away, on piper. Ex. the 7. Sinnes.

Faust. O how this sight doth delight my soule.

Lucif. But Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O might I see hell, and retorne againe safe, how happy were I then.

Lucif. Faustus, thou shalt: at midnight I will send for thee, Meane while peruse this booke, and view it thoroughly, And thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Thankes mighty Lucifer:
This will I keepe as chary as my life.

Luc. Now Faustus farewell.

Faust. Farewell great Lucifer. Come Mephostophilis.
Exeunt omnes, seuerall wayes.

Enter the Clowne.

What Dick, looke to the horses there till I come againe. I haue gotten one of Doctor Faustus coniuring bookes, and now we'll haue such knauery as't passes.

Enter Dicke.

Dick. What Robin, you must come away & walk the horses.

Rob. I walke the horses? I scorn't faith, I haue other matters in hand, let the horses walke themselves as they will. A per se a, t. h. e. the: o per se o, deny orgon, gorgon: keepe further from me O thou illiterate and vnlearned Hossler.

Dick. Snayles, what hast thou got there: a booke: why thou canst tell ne're a word on't.

Rob.

The Tragicall Historie

Rob. That thou shalt see presently: keepe out of the circle,
I say, lest I send you into the Dary with a vengeance.

Dick. That's like ifaith: you had best leaue your foolery, for
an my Master come, he'll coniuere you ifaith.

Rob. My Master coniuere me? He tell thee what, an my ma-
ster come here, He clap a fayre payre of hornes on's head, as
ere thou sawest in thy life.

Dick. Thou needst not do that, for my Mistresse hath done it.

Rob. I, there be of vs here that haue waded as deepe into
matters, as other men, if they were disposed to talke.

Dick. A plague take you. I thought you did not sneake by
and downe after her for nothing. But I prithæ tell me in good
sadnesse Robin, is that a coniuering Booke?

Rob. Doe but speake what thou'lt haue me to doe, and He
do't: If thou'lt dance naked, put off thy cleaths, and He con-
iure thee about presently: Or if thou'lt goe but to the Tauerne
with me, He giue thee White-wine, Red-wine, Claret-wine,
Sacke, Muscadine, Malmesey, and Whippincurst, hold belly
hold, and wee'll not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O braue, I prithæe let's to it presently, for I am as
dry as a dog.

Rob. Come then let vs away.

Exeunt.

Enter the Chorus.

Learned Faustus, to finde the secrets of Astronomie
Grauen in the Booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount him vp to scale Olympus top:
Where sitting in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoked Dragons neckes:
He viewes the clouds, the Planets, and the Starres,
The Tropicke Zones and quarters of the skie,
From the bright circle of the horned Beane,
Cuen to the bright of Primum Mobile:
And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concaue compasse of the Pole,
From East to West his Dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight dayes did bring him home againe.

of Doctor Faustus.

Not long he staid within his quiet house
To rest his bones after his weary toyle,
But new exploits doe hale him out agen,
And mounted then vpon a Dragons backe,
That with his wings did part the subtle ayre,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,
That measures coasts and kingdomes of the earth:
And as I guesse, will first arriue at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which this day is highly solemnized. Exit.

Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis.

Faust. Having now my good Mephostophilis,
Past with delight the stately Towne of Trier:
Inuiron'd round with ayrie mountaine tops,
With wals of flint, and deepe intrenched Lakes,
Not to be wonne by any conquering Prince.
From Paris next, coasting the realme of France,
We saw the Riuier Maine fall into Rhines,
Whose bankes are set with groues of fruitfull Vines.
Then by to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings sayre, and gorgious to the eye,
The streetes straight forth, and paved with finest bricke,
There saw we learn'd Maroes golden tombe:
The way he cut an English mile in length
Through a rocke of stone in one nights space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the Cast,
In one of which a sumptuous Temple stands,
That threatens the starres with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured stones,
And roost aloft with curious worke in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as earst I did cominand,
Conducted me within the wals of Rome?
Meph. I haue my Faustus, and for proufe thereof

The Tragicall History

This is the goodly Pallace of the Pope :

And cause we are no common guests,

I chuse his priuy Chamber for our vse.

Faust. I hope his Holinesse will bid vs welcome.

Meph. All's one, for wee'll be hold with his Denison.

But now my Faustus that thou maist perceiue

What Rome containes, for to delight thine eyes:

Know that this Citty stands vpon seauen Hilles,

What vnderprop the ground worke of the same:

Till through the midst runnes flowing Tibers streame,

Which winding bankes that cut it in two parts :

Ouer the which two stately Bridges leane,

That make safe passage to each part of Rome,

Vpon the Bridge call'd Ponto Angelo,

Erected is a Castle passing strong,

Where thou shalt see such store of Ordinance,

As that the double Cannons forg'd of brasse,

Doe match the number of the dayes contain'd

Within the compasse of one compleat yeare :

Beside the gates and high Pyramides,

What Iulius Cesar brought from Affrica.

Faust. Now by the Kingdomes of Infernall Rule,

Of Sex, of Acheron, and the fiery Lake,

Of euer burning Phlegeton I sweare,

What I doe long to see those Monumentes,

And situation of bright splendant Rome,

Come therefore let's away.

Meph. Nay Nay my Faustus: I knew you'd see the Pope.

And take some part of holy Peters feast,

The which in state and high solemnity,

This day is held through Rome and Italy,

In honour of the Popes triumphant victory.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest me,

Whilst I am heere on earth let me be cloy'd

With all things that delight the heart of man.

My foure and twenty yeares of liberty,

Ile spend in pleasure and in dalliance,

What Faustus name while this bright frame both stand,

of Doctor Faustus.

May be admired through the furthest Land.

Meph. 'Tis well said Faustus, come then stand by me
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

Faust, Nay stay my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request and then I goe.
Thou know'st within the compasse of eight dayes,
We view'd the face of heauen, of earth and Hell.

So high our Dragons soar'd into the ayre,
That looking downe the Earth appear'd to me,
No bigger then my hand in quantity.

There did we view the Kingdomes of the world,
And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.

Then in this shew, let me an Acte be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus comming see.

Meph. Let it be so my Faustus, but first stay,
And view their triumphs, as they passe this way.
And then devise what best contents thy minde,
By comming in thine Art to crosse the Pope,
O: dash the pride of this solemnity;
To make his Monkes and Abbots stand like Apes,
And point like Antiques at his triple Crowne:
To beate the Beades about the Friers Wates,
O: clay huge hornes vpon the Cardinalls heads:
O: any villany thou canst devise,
And I'll performe Faustus: ha:ke, they come:
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter Cardinalls and Bishops, some bearing Crofiers, some
the Pillars, Monkes and Friers, singing their Procession:
Then the Pope, and Raymond King of Hunga-
ry, with Bruno led in chaines,

Pope. Cast downe our foot stooles,
Ray. Hail Bruno Pope,
Whilst on thy backe his holinesse ascends
Saint Peters Chaire, and State Pontificall.

Bru. Proud Lucifer, that State belongs to me:
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

D 1

Pope,

The Tragicall Historie

Pope. To me and Peter, shalt thou groueling lie,
And crouch before the Papall dignity:
Sound Trumpets then, for thus Saint Peters Heyze,
From Bruno's backe, ascends Saint Peters Chaire.

A Fourth while he ascends.

Thus, as the Gods. crape on with feet of wool,
Long ere with Iron hands they punish men,
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
Lord Cardinalls of France and Padua,
Go forth with to the holy Consistory,
And read amongst the Statutes Decretall,
What by the holy Councell held at Trent,
The sacred Synod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the Papall gouernment,
Without election, and a true consent:
Away, and bring vs word with speed.

1 Card. We goe my Lord.

Exeunt Card.

Pope. Lord Raymond.

Faust. Goe haſt thæ gentle Mephosphilis,
Follow the Cardinalls to the Consistory;
And as they turne their ſuperſtitious Bookes,
Strike them with ſloth and drouſie Idleneſſe;
And make them ſleepe ſo ſound, that in their ſhapes,
Thy ſelfe and I may parley with the Pope,
This proud conſronter of the Emperour:
And in deſpight of all his Holineſſe
Reſtore this Bruno to his liberty,
And beare him to the States of Germany.

Meph. Fauſtus. I goe.

Faust. Diſpatch it ſoone,

The Pope ſhall curſe that Fauſtus came to Rome.

Exit Fauſtus and Meph.

Bruno. Pope Adrian, let me haue ſome right of Law,
I was elected by the Emperour.

Pope. We will depoſe the Emperour for that deed,
And curſe the people that ſubmit to him;
Both he and thou ſhalt ſtand excommunicate,

And

of Doctor Faustus.

And interdict from Churches Priuiledge,
And all society of holy men:
He growes too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head aboue the clouds,
And like a Staple ouer-pæres the Church.
But wee'l pull downe his haughty insolence:
And as Pope: Alexander, our Progenitour,
Trod on the necke of Germane Fredericke,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise;
That Peters heyes should tread on Emperors,
And walke vpon the dreadfull Adders backe,
Treading the Lyon, and the Dragon downe.
And fearelesse spurne the killing Basiliske:
So will wee quell that haughty Scismaticque;
And by authority Apostolicall
Depose him from his Regall Government.

Bru. Pope Iulius swore to Princely Sigismond:
For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperours their lawfull Lords.

Pope. Pope Iulius did abuse the Churches rites
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on vs?
And therefore though we would we cannot erre.
Behold this siluer Belt, whereto is firt,
Seuen golden scales fast sealed with seuen scales,
A token of our seauen-fold power from heauen,
To bind or lose, Locke fast, condemne or iudge,
Resigne, or scale, or what so please th vs.
Then he and thou and all the world shall stoope,
Or be assured of our dreadfull curse,
To light as heavy as the paines of Hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephisto: like the Cardinals

Meph. Now tell me Faustus, are we not fitted well?
Faust. Yes Mephisto: and two such Cardinals
We're seru'd a holy Pope, as we shall doe.
But whilst they sleepe within the Consistory,

The Tragical Historie

Let vs salute his reuerend Fatherhood.

Ray. Behold my Lord the Cardinalls are return'd.

Pope. Welcome graue Fathers, answer presently,
What haue our holy Councell there decreed,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperour,
In quittance of their late conspiracy
Against our State and Papall dignity?

Fau. Most sacred Patron of the Church of Rome,
By full consent of all the Synod
Of Priests and Prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno and the Germane Emperour
Be held as Lollards and bold Schismatiques,
And proud disturbers of the Churches peace.
And if that Bruno by his owne assent,
Without enforcement of the Germane Peeres,
Did sake to weare the triple Diadem,
And by your death to climbe Saint Peters Chaire,
The Statutes decretall haue thus decreed,
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresie,
And on a pile of fagots burnt to death.

Pope. It is enough; here, take him to your charge,
And beare him straight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest Tower enclose him fast;
Tomorrow sitting in our Consistory,
With all our Colledge of graue Cardinalls,
We will determine of his life or death.
Peere, take this triple Crowne along with you,
And leaue it in the Churches Treasury.
Make hast againe, my good Lord Cardinalls,
And take our blessing Apostolicall.

Meph. So, so, was neuer Diuell thus blest before.

Fau. Away sweet Mephoslo: be gone,
The Cardinalls will be plagu'd for this anon. Ex. Fau. & Me.

Pope. Go presently, and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize S. Peters feast,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungary,
Drinke to our late and happy victorie.

Exeunt.

of Doctor Faustus.

A Siner, while the Banquet is brought in, and then Enter
Faustus and Mephostophilis in their owne
shapes.

Meph. Now Faustus, come prepare thy selfe for mirth,
The sleepey Cardinalls are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud pack'd Steed, as swift as thought,
Flies oze the Alpes to fruitfull Germany,
There to salute the wofull Emperour.

Faust. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to day,
That slept both Bruno and his Crowne away:
But now, that Faustus may delight his minde,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephostophilis, so charme me heere,
That I may walke invisible to all,
And doe what ere I please vnscene of any.

Faustus thou shalt, then kneele downe presently,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charme thee with this Magicke wand,
First weare this Girdle, then appeare
Inuisible to all are heere:
The Planets seauen, the gloomy Ayre,
Hell and the Furies forked hayre,
Pluto's blew fire, and Hecats Tree,
With Magickē spels to compasse thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So Faustus, now for all their holinesse,
Do what thou wilt thou shalt not be discern'd.

Faust. Thankes Mephosto: now Friers take heede,
Lest Faustus make your shauen Crownes to bleed.

Meph. Faustus no more: see where the Cardinalls come.

Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinalls
with a Booke.

Pope. Welcome Lord Cardinalls: come sit downe.

The Tragicall History

Lord Raymond, take your seate, Fryers attend,
And let that all things be in readinesse,
As best becomes this solemne festiuall.

1 Card. I first, may it please your sacred Holiness
To view the sentence of the reuerend Synod
Concerning Bruno and the Emperour.

Pope. What needs this question? Did I not tell you,
To morrow we would sit with Consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?

You brought us word euen now, it was decreed
That Bruno and the cursed Emperour
Were by the holy Councell both condemn'd

For loathed Lollards and base Schismatiques:
Then wherefore would you haue me view that booke?

1 Card. Your Grace mistakes, you gaue us no such charge.

Ray. Deny it not, we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late deliuered you,
With his rich triple crowne to be reseru'd
And put into the Churches treasury.

Amb. Card. By holy Paul we saw them not.

Pope By Peter you shall see,
Unlessse you bring them forth immediatly.
Vale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyues:
False Prelates for this hateful treachery
Cur'd be your soules to hellish misery.

Faust. So, they are safe: now Faustus to the feast,
The Pope had neuer such a frolicke guest.

Pope. Lord Archbishop of Reames sit downe with us.

B. sh. I thanke your Holinesse.

Faust. Fall to, the Diuell choke you an you spare.

Pope. Who's that spoke? Fryers looke about,
Lord Raymond pray fall to. I am beholding
To the Bishop of Millaine, for this so rare a present.

Faust. I thanke you sir.

Pope. Vow now: who snatcht the meate from me?
Millaines, why speake ye not?

By good Lord Archbishop, here's a most dainty dish
Was sent me from a Cardmall in France.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. I le haue that too.

Pope. What Hollards doe attend our Holinesse,
That we receiue such great indignity: fetch me some wine.

Faust. I pray doe, for Faustus is a dyer.

Pope. Lord Raymond I drinke vnto your Grace.

Faust. I pledge your Grace.

Pope. My wine gone too: ye Lubbers looke about
And finde the man that doth this villany,
Or by our sanctitude ye all shall dye.

I pray my Lords haue patience

At this troublesome Banquet.

Bish. I please your Holinesse, I thinke it be some Ghost crept
out of Purgatory, and now is come vnto you Holinesse for
his pardon.

Pope. It may be so:

Goe then command our Priests to sing a Dirge,
To lay the sury of this same troublesome Ghost.

Faust. How now? must euery bit be spiced with a Crosse:
Nay then take that.

Pope. O, I am aaine, helpe me my Lords:
O come and helpe to beare my body hence:
Damb'd be his soule for euer for this deed.

Exeunt Pope and his trayne.

Meph. Now Faustus, what wil you do now: for I can tell you
You le be curst with Well, Booke, and Candle.

Faust. Well, Booke, and Candle: Candle, Booke, and Well:
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to Hell.

Enter the Friers with Bell, Booke, and Candle,
for the Dirge.

1 Frier. Come brethren, let's about our businesse with good
denotion.

Curst be he that stole his Holinesse meate from the Table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Curst be he that strooke his Holinesse a blow on the face.

Maledicat Dominus.

E

Curst

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Curſed be he that ſtrucke Fryer Sandelo a blow on the pate.

Maledicat Dom.

Curſed be he that diſturbeth our holy Dirge.

Maledicat Dom.

Curſed be he that tooke away his Holineſſe wine.

Maledicat Dom.

Beate the Friers, ſing fire-wozkes among them,
and Exeunt.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Dicke with a Cup.

Dicke. Sirra Robin, we were beſt looke that your diuell can
answer the ſtealing of this ſame cup, for the Vinteners Boy
followes vs at the hard heeles.

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come; and he follow vs, Ile ſo
coniure him, as he was neuer coniur'd in his life, I warrant
him: let me ſee the cup.

Enter Vintener.

Dicke. Where 'tis: Wonder he comes: Now Robin, now or
never ſhew thy cunning.

Vint. O, are you here? I am glad I haue found you, you
are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you ſtole
from the Tauerne?

Rob. How, how? we ſteale a cup, take heed what you ſay,
we looke not like Cup ſtealers I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer deny't, for I know you haue it, and Ile ſearch
you.

Rob. Search me? I and ſpare not: hold the cup Dicke, come,
come, ſearch me, ſearch me.

Vint. Come on ſirra, let me ſearch you now.

Dicke. A, I doe, doe, hold the cup Robin, I feare not your
ſearching; we ſcome to ſteale your cups I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer outface me for the matter, for ſure the cup is
betwene you two.

Rob. Nay there you lie, 'tis beyond vs both.

Vint.

of Doctor Faustus.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away: Come, give it me againe.

Rob. I much, when can you tell: Dicke make me a circle, and stand close at my backe, and stirre not for thy life: Vintner you shall haue your cup anon, say nothing Dicke: O per se O, Demigorgon, Belcher and Mephistophilis.

Enter Mephistophilis.

Meph. You princely Legions of Infernall Rule,
How am I bered by these villaines Charmes:
From Constantinople haue they brought me now,
Onely for pleasure of these damned slanes.

Rob. By Lady sir, you haue had a shrewd iourney of it will it please you to take a shoulder of Mutton to supper, and a Teller in your purse, and goe backe againe.

Dicke. I, I pray you heartily sir; for wee cald you but in least I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashnes of this cursed dæd,
First, be thou turned to this ugly Shape,
For Apish deedes transformed to an Ape.

Rob. O braue, an Ape? I pray sir let me haue the carrying of him about to shew some trickes.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a Dogge,
and carry him vpon thy backe, away be gone.

Rob. A dog: thats excellent: let the Maids looke well to their Porridge-pots, for I'll into the Kitchin presently: come Dicke, come. Exeunt the two Clownes.

Meph. Now with the flames of euer burning fire,
I'll wing my selfe and forth with fire amaine
Unto my Faustus to the great Turkes Court. Exit.

Enter Martino and Fredericke at severall doores.

Mart. What he, Officers, Gentlemen,
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperour.
God Fredericke let the romes be voyded straight,

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His Maieſty is comming to the Hall,
Go backe, and ſee the State in readineſſe.

Fre. But where is Bruno our elected Pope,
That on a furies back came poſt from Rome,
Will not his grace conſort the Emperour?

Mart. O yes, and with him comes the Germane Coniurer,
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberge,
The wonder of the World for Magicke Art,
And hee intends to ſhew great Carolus
The race of all his ſtout Progenitors:
And bring in preſence of his Maieſty,
The royall ſhapes and perfect ſemblances
Of Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Fre. Where is Benuolio?

Mart. Faſt aſleepe I warrant you.
He tooke his rouse with ſtopes of Rheniſh wine
So kindly veſternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the ſluggard keepeſ his bed.

Fre. O ſee ſee, his window's ope, wee'l call to him:

Mart. What ho, Benuolio.

Enter Benuolio above at a window, in his
night-cap: buttoning.

Benu. What a Diuell ayle you two?

Mar. Speake ſoftly ſir, leſt the Diuell heare you;
For Faustus at the Court is late arriv'd,
And at his haileſ ten thouſand Puries waite,
To accompliſh whatſoever the Doctor pleaſe.

Ben. What of this?

Mar. Come leaue thy Chamber firſt, and thou ſhalt ſee
This Coniurer perſorme ſuch rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royall Emperour,
As neuer yet was ſene in Germany.

Benu. Was not the Pope enough of Coniuring yet:
He was upon the Diuels back late enough,
And if he be ſo farre in love with him,

of Doctor Faustus.

I would he would goe with him to Rome againe.

Fred. Speake, wilt thou come and see this sport?

Ben. Not I.

Mar. Wilt thou stand in thy window and see it then?

Ben. I, and I fall not asleepe ith meane time.

Mar. The Emperour is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by black spells may compass be.

Ben. Well, goe you attend the Emperour: I am content
for this once to thrust my head out at a window: for they say,
if a man be drunke ouer night, the Diuell cannot hurt him in
the morning: if that bee true, I haue a charme in my head,
shall controule him as well as the Coniurer, I warrant you.

Exit.

A Senit. Charles the Germane Emperour, Bruno,
Saxony, Faustus, Mephostophilis, Frede-
ricke, Martino, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,
Thrice learned Faustus welcome to our Court.
This deed of thine in setting Bruno free,
From his and our professed enemy,
Shall add more excellence vnto thine Art,
Then if by powerfull Necromantick spells,
Thou couldst command the worlds obedience:
For euer be belou'd of Carolus.
And if this Bruno thou hast late redem'd,
In peace possesse the triple Diadem,
And sit in Peters Chaire despite of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honour'd of the Germane Emperour.

Faust. Those gracious words, most royall Carolus,
Shall make poore Faustus to his utmost power,
Both loue and serue the Germane Emperour,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.

For proofe whereof, if so your Grace be pleas'd,

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The Doctor stands prepar'd by power of Art,
To cast his Magicke charmes that shall pierce through
The Ebon gates of euer burning Hell,
And hale the stubborne Furies from their Caves,
To compasse whatsoere your Grace commands.

Ben. Woe hee speaks terribly: but for all that I doe not
greatly beleue him, he looks as like a Conturer, as the Pope
to a Collemunger.

Emp. When Faustus as thou late didst promise vs,
We would behold that famous Conqueror,
Great Alexander and his Paramour,
In their true shapes, and state Maiesticall,
That wee may wonder at their excellence.

Fau. Your Maiesty shall see them presently,
Mephosphilis away.
And with a sollemne noyse of Trumpets sound,
Present before the royall Emperour,
Great Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Meph. Faustus, I will.

Ben. Well M. Doctor, and your Diuells come not aaway
quickly, you shall haue me asleepe presently: for I could
eate my selfe for anger, to thinke I haue bene such an Ass all
this while to stand gaping after the Diuells Gouernour, and
can see nothing.

Fau. I le make you feelee some thing anon if my Art faile
me not.

My Lord, I must forewarne your Maiesty,
That when my Spirits present the royall shapes
Of Alexander and his Paramour,
Your Grace demand no questions of the King,
But in dumbe silence let them come and goe.

Emp. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

Ben. I, I, and I am content too: and thou bring Alexan-
der and his Paramour before the Emperour, I le be Asleepe,
and turne my selfe to a Stagge.

Fau. And I le play Diana, and send you the hoznes pre-
sently.

Sinec

of Doctor Faustus.

Senit. Enter at one dore the Emperour Alexander, at the other
Darius; they meete. Darius is throwne downe, Alexander
kills him, takes off his Crowne, and offering to goe
out, his Paramour meets him, he embraceth her, and
sets Darius Crowne vpon her head; and com-
ming backe, both salute the Emperour,
who leauing his State offers to em-
brace them, which Faustus seeing,
suddenly staves him. Then
Trumpets cease, and Mu-
sicke sounds.

My gracions Lord, you doe forget your selfe,
They are but shadowes, not substantiall.

Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so rauished
With sight of this renowned Emperour,
That in mine armes I would haue compass him.
But Faustus, since I may not speake to them,
To satisfie my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I haue heard it said,
That this faire Lady while she liu'd on earth,
Had on her necke a little wart, or mole;
How may I proue that saying to be true?

Faust. Your Priestly may boldly goe and see.

Emp. Faustus I see it plaine,
And in this sight thou better pleas't me,
Then if I gain'd another Monarchie.

Faust. Away, be gone.

Exit show.

So see my gracions Lord, what strange Beast is yon,
That thrusts his head out at the window.

Emp. O wondrous sight! see Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading hornes most strangely fastened
Vpon the head of young Benuolio.

Sax. What is he asleepe or dead?

Faust. He sleeps my Lord, but dreames not of his hornes.

Emp. This sport is excellent: we'll call and wake him.
What ho, Benuolio.

Ben.

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Ben. A plague vpon you, let me sleepe a while.

Emp. I blame thee not to sleepe much hauing such a head of thine owne.

Sax. Looke by Benvolio, 'tis the Emperour calls.

Ben. The Emperour: where: O zounds my head.

Emp. Nay, and thy hornes hold, 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.

Faust. Why hold now sir knight, what hang'd by the hornes: this is most horrible: he, he, pull in your head for shame, let not all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Zounds Doctor, is this your villany?

Faust. I say not so sir: the Doctor has no skill,

No Art, no cunning, to present these Lords,

Or bring before this royall Emperour

The mighty Monarch, warlike Alexander.

If Faustus doe it, you are straight resolu'd,

In bold Acteons shape to turne a Stagge.

And therefore my Lord, so please your Maiesty,

I'll raise a kennell of Hounds shall hunt him so,

And all his footmanship shall scarce preuaile,

To keepe his Carcasse from their bloudy phangs.

Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Asterote.

Ben. Hold, hold: Zounds he'll raise by a kennell of Diuells
I thinke anon: good my Lord intreat for me: a bloud I am
never able to endure these tormentes.

Emp. When good M. Doctor,

Let me intreat you to remoue his hornes,

We hath done penance now sufficiently.

Faust. My gracious Lord, not so much for iniury done to
me, as to delight your Maiesty with some mirth: hath Faustus
justly requited this iniurious knight, which being all I de-
fire, I am content to remoue his hornes. Mephistophilis,
transporte him; and hereafter sir, lette you speake well of
Schollers.

Ben. Speake well of ye: Ableed and Schollers bee such
Cuckold makers to clap hornes of honour vpon them: as in this
order, I'll nere trust smooth faces, and small rasses more. But

of Doctor Faustus.

an I be not reueng'd for this, would I might be turn'd to a gaping Wyllow, and drinke nothing but salt water.

Emp. Come Faustus while the Emperour liues,
In recompence of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the State of Germany,
And line belov'd of mighty Carolus. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Benvolio, Martino, Fredericke, and
Souldiers.

Mart. Say sweet Benvolio, let vs sway thy thoughts,
from this attempt against the Coniurer.

Ben. Away, you loue me not to bidge me thus,
Shall I let slip so great an iniury,
When euery seruile groom teasts at my wrongs,
And in their Rusticke Gambals proudly say,
Benvolio's head was gract with hories to day:
O may these eye-lids neuer close againe,
Till with my sword I haue that Coniurer slaine.
If you will aid me in this enterprize,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute:
If not, depart: here will Benvolio dye.
But Faustus death shall quit my infamy.

Fred. Say, we will stay with thee, betide what may,
And kill that Doctor if he come this way.

Ben. Then gentle Fredericke, hie thee to the grone,
And place our seruants and our followers,
Close in ambush there behind the trees,
By this (I know) the Coniurer is nere,
I saw him kneele and kisse the Emperours hand,
And take his leaue, laden with rich rewards.
When Souldiers boldly fight; if Faustus dye,
Take you the wealth, leaue vs the victorie.

Fred. Come Souldiers, follow me vnto the grone,
Who kills him shall haue gold, and endlesse lone.

Exit Fredericke with the Souldiers.

Ben. My head is lighter then it was by th' hories,

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But yet my heart's more ponderous then my head,
And pants untill I see the Coniurer dead.

Mar. Where shall we place our selues Benvolio?

Ben. Where will we stay to bide the first assault,
I were that damned Hell hound but in place,
When some shouldst see me quit my soule disgrace.

Enter Fredericke.

Fred. Close, close, the Coniurer is at hand:
And all alone, comes walking in his gowne:
Be ready then, and strike the peasant downe.

Ben. Mine be that honour then: now sword strike home,
For hornes he gaue Ile haue his head anone.

Enter Faustus with his false head.

Mar. See, see, he comes.

Ben. No words: this blow ends all.
He take his soule, his body thus must fall.

Faust. Oh.

Fred. Grone you Maister Doctor?

Ben. Break may his heart with grones: dare Fredericke see,
Thus will I end his griefes immediately.

Mar. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

Ben. The Diuel's dead, the Furies now may laugh.

Fred. Was this that sterne aspect, that awfull frowne,
Made the grim Monarch of infernall spirits,
Tremble and quake at his commanding charmes?

Mar. Was this that damned head, whose heart conspir'd
Benvolio's shame before the Emperour.

Ben. I, that's the head, and here the body lyes,
Jolly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Come let's deuise how we may adde more shame,
To the black scandall of his hated name.

Ben. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
Ile naille huge forked hornes, and let them hang
Within the window where he poak'd me first,
That all the world may see my iust reuenge.

Mar. What use shall we put his beard to?

Ben.

of Doctor Faustus.

Ben. We'll sell it to a Chimney-sweeper: it will wear out ten birchin broomes I warrant you.

Fred. What shall his eyes doe?

Ben. We'll put out his eyes, and they shall serue for buttons to his lippes, to keepe his tongue from catching cold.

Mar. An excellent policie: and now first having diuided him, what shall the body doe?

Ben. Zounds, the Diuel's aloue agen.

Fred. Give him his head for Gods sake.

Fault. May keepe it: Faustus will haue heads and hands, I call your hearts to recompence this deed.

I knew ye not Traitors I was limited

For foure and twenty yeares to breath on earth,

And had you cut my body with your swords,

Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,

Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,

And I had breath'd a man made free from harme.

But wherefoze doe I dally my reuenge?

Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis.

§ Ent. Meph. &

Go horse these Traytors on your fiery backes, & other Diuels.

And mount aloft with them as high as heauen,

Then pitch them headlong to the lowest Hell:

Yet stay, the world shall see their misery,

And hell shall after plague their treachery.

Go Belimoth, and take this Caitiffe hence,

And hurle him in some lake of mudde and durt:

Take thou this other, dragge him through the woods,

Among the pricking thornes and sharpest byers,

Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis

This Traytor lyes vnto some steepe rocke,

That rolling downe, may breake the villaines bones

As he intended to dismember me.

Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediately.

Fred. Pitty vs gentle Faustus, saue our liues.

Fault. Away.

Fred. We must needs goe that the Diueli druce.

Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.

F 2

Enter

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Enter the Ambush'd Souldiers.

1 Sold. Come sirs, prepare your selues in readinesse,
Make hast to helpe these noble Gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the Coniurer.

2 Sold. See where he comes, dispatch and kill the slaue.

Faust. What's heere: an ambush to betray my life:
Then Faustus try thy skill: base Peasants stand;
For to these Treas remoue at my command,
And stand as Bulwarkes twixt your selues and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery:
Yet to encounter this your weake attempt,
Behold an Army comes incontinent.

Faustus strikes the dore, and enter a Diuell playing on a Drum,
after him another bearing an Ensigne: and diuers with wea-
pons, Mephostophilis with fire-workes; they set vpon the
Souldiers and driue them out.

Enter at severall dores Benvolio, Fredericke, and Martino,
their heads and faces bloody, and besmeard with mud
and durt; hauing all hornes on
their heads.

Mart. What ho, Benvolio?

Ben. Heere, what Fredericke, ho?

Fred. O helpe me gentle friend; where is Martino?

Mart. Deere Fredericke heere,

Walse smother'd in a Lake of mud and durt,
Through which the Furies drag'd me by the heeles.

Fred. Martino see,

Benvolio's hornes againe.

Mart. O misery, how now Benvolio?

Ben. Defend me heauen, shall I be haunted still:

Mart. Nay feare not man, we haue no power to kill.

Ben. My friends transformed thus: O hellish spite,

Some

of Doctor Faustus.

Your heads are all set with hornes.

Fred. You hit it right,

It is your owne you meane, seele on your head.

Ben. Zounds hornes againe.

Mart. Nay chafe not man, we are all sped.

Ben. What Diuell attends this damn'd Magician,
That spight of spite, our wrongs are doubled :

Fred. What may we doe, that we may hide our shames :

Ben. If we should follow him to worke reuenge,
We'd toyne long Asses eares to these huge hornes,
And make vs laughing stockes to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then doe dare Benvolio ?

Ben. I haue a Castle toyning nere these woods,
And thither we'll repaire and liue obscure,
Till time shall alter these our brutish shapes :
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,
We'll rather dye with griefe, then liue with shame.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser, and
Mephostophilis.

Horse-c. I beseech your Worship accept of these forty Dollars.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a Horse, for so small a price : I haue no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten Dollars more, take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

Horse. I beseech you sir accept of this ; I am a very poore man, and haue lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this bargaine will set me vp againe.

Faust. Well, I will not stand with thee ; giue me the money : now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him o're hedge and ditch, and spare him not, but doe you heare ? in any case, ride him not into the water.

Horse. Now sir, not into the water ? why will he not drinke of all waters ?

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Faust. Yes, he will drinke of all waters, but ride him not in to the water: oʒ e hedge and ditch, oʒ where thou wilt, but not into the water: So bid the Hostler deliuer him vnto you, and remember what I say.

Horse. I warrant you sir: A ioyfull day, now am I a made man for ever.

Exit.

Faust. What art thou Faustus, but a man condemn'd to dye? Thy fatall time drawes to a finall end: Despaire doth driue distrust into my thoughts. Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe: Tush Christ did call the Thiefe vpon the Crosse, When rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit.

He sits to sleepe.

Enter the Horse-courser wet.

Horse. O what a cosening Doctor was this? I riding, my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mistery had beene in the horse, I had nothing vnder me but a little straw, and had much adoe to escape drowning: Well I le go rouse him, and make him giue mee my forty Dollors againe. Ho sirra Doctor, you cosening scab, Maister Doctor awake, and rise, and giue mee my mony againe, for your horse is turned to a bottle of Vayn, Maister Doctor.

He puls off his leg.

Alas, I am vndone what shall I doe? I haue puld off his leg.

Faust. O helpe, helpe, the villaine hath murder'd me.

Horse. Murder oʒ not murder, now he ha's but one leg, I le out run him, and cast this leg into some ditch oʒ other.

Faust. Stop him, stop him, stop him—— ha, ha, ha, Faustus, hath his leg againe, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty Dollors.

Enter Wagner.

Now now Wagner, what newes with thee?

Wag. If it please you the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreate your company, and hath sent some of his men to attend with provision for your iourney.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable Gentleman,
and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning: Come
away. Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, Dicke, Horse-courser, and a Carter.

Carr. Come my Masters, I'll bring you to the best beere in
Europe, what ho, Hostesse: where be these Whores?

Enter Hostesse.

Host. How now, what lacke you? What my old guests:
welcome.

Clow. Sirrah Dicke, dost thou know why I stand so mute:

Dicke. No Robin, why is't?

Clow. I am eightene pence on the score, but say nothing,
for if she haue forgotten me.

Host. Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himselfe:
What my old Guest?

Clow. O Hostesse how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Host. I there's no doubt of that, for me thinks you make
no hast to wipe it out.

Dicke. Tlhy Hostesse, I say, fetch vs some Beere.

Host. You shall presently, looke vp into the Wall there, ho.

Dicke. Come sirs, what shall wee doe till mine Hostesse
comes?

Carr. Marry sir, I'll tell you the brauest tale how a Coniu-
rer seru'd me: you know Doctor Faustus.

Horse. I, a plague take him, here's some on's haue cause to
know him; did he coniuere thee to?

Carr. I'll tell you how he seru'd me: As I was going to
Wittenberge t'other day, with a load of Hay, he met me, and
asked me what he should giue me for as much Hay as he could
eate; now sir, I thinking that a little would serue his turne,
bad him take as much as he would for thre farthings; so hee
presently gaue me money, and fell to eating; and as I am a cur-
sen man, hee neuer left eating, till he had eate vp all my load
of hay.

All. O monstrous, eate a whole load of Hay!

Clow.

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Clow. Yes, yes, that may be; for I haue heard one, that
ha's eat a load of legges.

Horse. Now sir, you shall heare how villanously hee seru'd
me: I went to him yester day to buy a Horse of him, and hee
would by no meanes sell him vnder forty Dollers; so sir, be-
cause I knew him to be such a Horse as would run ouer hedge
and ditch, and neuer tire, I gaue him his money: so when I
had my horse. Doctor Faustus had me ride him night and day,
and spare him no time; but, quoth hee, in any case ride him
not into the water. Now sir, I thinking the Horse had had
some rare quality that he would not haue me know of, what
did I but rid him into a great riuer, and when I came iust in
the midst, my Horse vanisht away, and I sate stradling vpon
a bottle of Hay.

All. O braue Doctor.

Horse. But you shall heare how brauely I seru'd him for it;
I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleepe;
I kept a halloving and whooping in his eares, but all could
not wake him: I saing that, tooke him by the legge, and neuer
rested pulling, till I had puld me his legge quite off, and now
'tis at home in mine hostry.

Clow. And has the Doctor but one legge then: that's excel-
lent, for one of his Diuells turn'd me into the likenesse of an
Ape's face.

Cart. Some more drinke Possesse.

Clow. Hearken you, we'll into another roome and drinke
a while, and then we'll goe seeke out the Doctor.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, his Dutches,
Faustus and Mephistophilis.

Duke. Thanks Waiter Doctor, for these pleasant sights,
For know I how sufficiently to recompence your great de-
serts in creating that enchanted Castle in the Ayre:

The sight whereof so delighteth me,
As nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust. I doe thinke my selfe my good Lord, highly recompenced, in that it pleaseeth your Grace to thinke but well of that which Faustus hath perfozmd. But gracious Lady, it may be, that you haue taken no pleasure in those sights: therefore I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to haue, be it in the world, it shall be yours: I haue heard that great bellyed women, doe long for things, are rare and vainty.

Lady. True Maister Doctor, and since I finde you so kinde I will make knowne vnto you what my heart desires to haue, and were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead time of the Winter, I would request no better meat then a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter: So Mephostophilis, away.

Exit Mephost

Padam, I will doe more then this for your content.

Enter Mepho. agen with the grapes.

Heere, now taste ye these, they should bee good
For they come from a farre Country I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that at this time of the yeare when euery tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

Faust. Please it your Grace, the yeare is diuided into two circles ouer the whole world, so that when it is winter with vs, in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye farre East, where they haue fruit twise a yeare. From whence, by meanes of a swift spirit that I haue, I haue these grapes brought as you see.

Lady. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ere I tasted.

The Clowes bounce at the Gate, within.

Duke. What rude disturbance haue we at the Gate?

The Tragicall Historie

Go pacifie their fury let it ope,
And then demand of them, what they would haue.

They knock againe, and call out to talke with Fauſtus.

A Seruant. Why how now Maſters, what a coyle is there?

What is the reason you diſturbe the Duke?

Dicke. We haue no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Ser. Why ſaucy barlets, dare you be ſo bold.

Horſe. I hope ſir, we haue wit enough to bee more bold then welcome.

Ser. It appeares ſo. pray be bold elſe where,
And trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they haue?

Ser. They all cry out to ſpeake with Doctor Fauſtus.

Cart. I, and we will ſpeake with him.

Duke. Will you ſir? Commit the raskals.

Dicke. Commit with vs, he were as good commit with his
father as commit with vs.

Fauſt. I doe beſeech your Grace let them come in,
They are good ſubiect for a merriment.

Duke. Doe as thou wilt Fauſtus, I giue thee leaue.

Fauſt. I thanke your Grace.

Enter the Clowne, Dicke, Carter and
Horſe-courſer.

Why how now my good friends?

Faith you are too outrageous, but come heere,
I haue procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

Clow. Nay ſir, we will be welcome for our money, and we
will pay for what we take: What ho, giue's halfe a dozen of
Beere heere, and be hang'd.

Fauſt. Nay, hearken you, can you tell me where you are?

Cart. I marry can I, we are vnder heauen.

Ser. I but ſir ſince hys, know you in what place?

Horſe.

of Doctor Faustus.

Horse-c. I, I, the house is good enough to drinke in: Zons
fill vs some Ware, or we'l breake all the barrells in the house,
and dash out all your braines with your Bottles.

Faust be not so furious: come you shall haue Ware.
My Lord, beseech you giue me leaue a while,
I'le gage my credit twill content your grace,

Duke. With all my heart kinde Doctor, please thy selfe,
Our seruants, and our Court's at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thanke your Grace: then fetch some
Ware.

Horse I marry, there spake a Doctor indeed, and faith I'le
drinke a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg: what dost thou meane by that?

Carr. Ha, ha, ha, dost thou heare him Dicke, he ha's forgot
his leg.

Horse. I, I, he do's not stand much vpon that.

Faust. No faith not much vpon a wooden leg.

Carr. Good Lord, that flesh and blond should be so fraile
with your Worship: Doe not you remember a Horse-courser
on sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

Carr. And doe you remember you bid he should not ride him
into the water?

Faust. Yes, I doe very well remember that.

Carr. And doe you remember nothing of your leg.

Faust. No in good sooth.

Carr. When I pray remember your cartesie.

Faust. I thanke you sir.

Carr. 'Tis not so much worth; I pray you tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that?

Carr. We both your legs bedfellowes every night together?

Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askest
me such questions?

Carr. No truly sir, I would make nothing of you, but I
would faine know that.

Enter Hostesse with drinke.

Faust. When I assure thee certainly they are.

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Cart. I thanke you I am fully satisfied.

Fault. But wherefore dost thou aske :

Cart. For nothing sir : but me thinkes you should haue a wooden bedfellow of one of 'em.

Horse. Why doe you heare sir, did not I pull of one off your legs when you were asleepe :

Fault. But I haue it againe now I am awake : looke you here sir.

All. Oh horrible, had the Doctor three legs.

Cart. Doe you remember sir, how you cosened me and sat by my load of ———

Faustus charmes him dumbe.

Dicke. Doe you remember how you made mee weare an Apes ———

Horse. You whoreson Coniuring scab, doe you remember how you cosened me with a ho ———

Clow. Haue you forgotten me : you thinke to carry it away with your Hey-passe, and Re-passe : doe you remember the dogs fa ———

Exeunt Clownes.

Host. Who payes for the Ale : heare you M. Doctor, now you haue sent away my guests, I pray who shall pay mee for my Ale ———

Exit Hostesse.

Lady. My Lord,

We are much beholding to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Madam, which we will recompence with all the loue and kindnesse that we may.

His Artfull sports drives all sad thoughts away.

Exeunt.

Thunder and lightening : Enter Diuells with couerd dishes : Mephostophilis leades them into

Faustus Study : then enter

Wagner.

Wag. I think my Maister meanes to die shortly, he has made his will, and giuen me his wealth, his house, his goods, & store of golden

of Doctor Faustus.

golden plate, beside two thousand duckets ready coind: I wonder what he meanes, if death were nie. he would not frolike thus: he's now at Supper with the Schollers, where theres such belly-chère, as Wagner in his life nere saw the like: and see where they come, belike the feast is ended. Exit.

Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three Schollers.

1 Sch. M. Doctor Faustus, since our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, wee have determin'd with our selues that Hellen of Grèce was the admirablenest Lady that ever lind: therfore M. Doctor, if you will doe vs so much fanour as to let vs see that pèrcelesse dame of Grèce, whom all the world admires for Maiesty, wee should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Faust. Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is vnfauld. It is not Faustus custome to denye
The iust request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that pèrcelesse dame of Grèce,
No other wise for pompe or Maiesty,
Then when Sir Paris cross the seas with her,
And brought the spoyles to rich Dardania.
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Musicke sound, Mephosto: brings in Hellen, she passeth
ouer the Stage.

2 Was this faire Hellen, whose admired worth,
Made Greece with ten yeares warres afflict poore Troy

3. Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for Maiesty.

1 Now we haue seene the pride of Natures worke,
Wee'l take our leaues, and for this blessed sight,
Happy and blest be Faustus euermore. Exeunt Schollers.

Faust. Gentlemen farwell: the same wish I to you.

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Enter an old Man.

Old Man. O gentle Faustus, leaue this damned Art,
This Magicke that will charme thy soule to Hell,
And quite bereaue thee of saluation.
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Doe not perseuer in it like a Diuell:
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soule,
If sinne by custome grow not into nature:
When Faustus) will repentance come too late,
Then thou art banisht from the sight of heauen;
No mortall can expresse the paines of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seemes harsh and all displeasing; let it not,
For gentle soules, I speake it not in wrath,
Or enuy of thee, but in tender loue,
And pittie of thy future misery.
And so haue hope that this my kinde rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soule.

Faust. Where art thou Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done:
Hell claimes his right, and with a roaring voyce, Mepho. giues
Saies Faustus come, thine houre is almost come, him a dagger.
And Faustus now will come to doe thee right.

Old. O stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,
I see an Angell houer o're thy head,
And with a Choll full of pretious grace,
Offers to poure the same into thy soule,
Then call for mercy and auoid despaire.

Fa. O friend I feele thy words to comfort my distressed soule,
Leaue me a while to ponder on my sinnes.

Old. Faustus, I leaue thee but with griefe of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy haplesse soule, Exit.

Faust. Accursed Faustus, wretch, what hast thou done:
I doe repent, and yet I doe despaire,
Hell strives with Grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I doe to shun the snares of death?

Mepho. Thou Traytor Faustus, I arrest thy soule,
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,

Reuolt,

of Doctor Faustus.

Renolt, or I le in piece-meale teare thy flesh.

Faust. I doe repent I ere offended him,
Sweet Mephostophilis, intreat thy Lord
To pardon my vnjust presumption,
And with my blood againe I will confirme
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

Doe it then Faustus, with vnfained heart,
Lest greater dangers doe attend thy drift.
Torment sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torment that our hell affords,

Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule,
But what I afflict his body with,
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing good seruant let me craue of thee,
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,
That I may haue vnto my Paramour,
That heauenly Hellen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish cleare,
Those thoughts that doe dissuade me from my vow,
And keepe my vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire.
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter Hellen againe, passing ouer betweene
two Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the toplesse towers of Ilium?
Sweet Hellen make me immortall with a kisse:
Her lips sucke forth my soule, see where it flies,
Come Hellen, come, giue me my soule againe,
Where will I dwell, for Heauen is in these lips,
And all is dreffe that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for loue of her,
In stead of Troy shall Wittenberge be sack't,
And I will combat with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed crest,

Pro,

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Præ I will wound Achilles in the heele,
And then returne to Hellen for a kisse.
Thou art fairer then the euening's ayre,
Glad in the beauty of a thousand starres:
Brighter art thou then flaming Iupiter.
When he appeared to haplesse Semele.
More louely then the Monarch of the Skye,
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd armes,
And none but thou shalt be my Paramour.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis.

Lucifer. Thus from infernall Dis doe we ascend
To view the Subjects of our Monarchy,
Those soules which sinne, seales the blacke sonnes of Hell,
Among which as chiefe, Faustus we come to thee,
Bringing with vs lasting damnation,
To wait vpon thy soule; the time is come
Which makes it forseit.

Meph. And this gloomy night,
Here in this roome will wretched Faustus be.

Bels. And here wee le stay,
To marke him how he doth demean himselfe.

Meph. How should he, but in desperate luriasts.
Fond moulding now his heart blood dyes with griefe;
His conscience kills it, and his labouring blame
Begets a world of idle fantasies,
To over-reach the Diuell; but all in vaine,
His stoe of pleasures must be saut'd with paine.
He and his seruant Wagner are at hand,
Both come from drawing Faustus latest will.
See where they come.

Enter Faustus and Wagner.

Faust. Say Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will,
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I doe vould
App life and lasting service for your leas. Enter the Schollers.
Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Faust, Graemeroy Wagner. Welcome Gentlemen.

1 Now worthy Faustus, me thinks your looks are chang'd.
Faust. Oh Gentlemen.

2 What ayles Faustus?

Faust. Ah my sweet Chamberfellow, had I liv'd with thee,
Then had I liv'd still, but now must dye eternally.

Take first comes he not, comes he not?

1 O my deere Faustus, what imports this feare?

2 Shall our pleasure turne to melancholly?

3 He is not well with being over solitary.

2 If it bee so, we'll haue Physicians, and Faustus shall bee cur'd.

3 'Tis but a surfet sir, feare nothing.

Faust. A surfet of deadly sinne, that hath damn'd both body
and soule.

2 Yet Faustus looke vp to Heauen, and remember mercy is
infinite.

Faust. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned:

The Serpent that tempted Eue may be saued,

But not Faustus. O Gentlemen, heare me with patience, and
tremble not at my speeches, (though my heart pant and quiver
to remember that I haue been a Student here these 30. years.
I would I had nere seene Wittenberge, neuer read booke, and
what wonders I haue done, all Germany can witnesse; yea
all the world: for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and
the world, yea Heauen it selfe: Heauen, the Seate of God, the
Throne of the blessed, the Kingdome of ioy, and must remaine
in Hell for ever. Hell, O Hell for ever. Sweet friends, what
shall become of Faustus being in Hell for ever?

2 Yet Faustus call on God.

Faust. O God, whom Faustus hath abus'd: O God,
whom Faustus hath blasphem'd: O my God, I would weepe
but the Diuell drawes in my teares. Gush forth blood in stead
of teares, yea life and soule: Oh he stayes my tongue: I would
lift up my hands, but see they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

All. Who Faustus?

Faust. Why Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O Gentlemen,

The Tragicall History

I gaue them my soule for my cunning.

All. O God forbid.

Faust. God forbid it indeede, but Faustus hath done it: for the vaine pleasure of foure and twenty yeares hath Faustus lost eternall ioy and felicitie. I writ them a bill with mine owne blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and hee will fetch me.

1. Why did not Faustus tell vs of this before, that Diuines might haue prayd for thee?

Faust. O! haue I thought to haue done so: but the Diuell threatned to teare me in pieces if I nam'd God: to fetch mee body and soule if I once gaue eare to Diuinity: and now tis too late. Gentlemen away, least you perish with mee.

2. O what may we doe to saue Faustus?

Faust. Talkie not of me, but saue your selues and depart.

3. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

1. Tempt not God swat friend, but let vs into the next roome, and pray for him.

Faust. I pray for me, pray for me: and what noyse soeuer you heare come not vnto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2. Pray thou and we will pray, that God may haue mercy vpon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen farewell: if I liue till morning I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus farewell.

Exeunt Schollers.

Meph. O Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heauen,
Therefore despaire, thinke only vpon hell:
For that must be thy Mansion there to dwell.

Faust. O thou bewitching fiend! 'twas thy temptation,
Wath rob'd me of eternall happinesse.

Meph. I doe confesse it Faustus, and reioyce;
'Twas I, that when thou wert i th way to heauen,
Damb'd by thy passage, when thou took'st the booke,
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaues
And led thine eye.

What weep'st thou, 'tis too late: despaire. Farewell:

Faust.

of Doctor Faustus.

Foiles that will laugh on earth, must weepe in hell.

Exit.

Enter the Good Angell, and the bad, at
seuerall doores.

Good. O Faustus, if thou hadst giuen eare to me,
Innumerable ioyes had followed thee.
But thou didst loue the world.

Bad. Gave eare to me,
And now must tast hells paines perpetually.

Good. O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pompes,
Quaile thee now?

Bad. Nothing but bere thee more,
To want in hell that had on-earth such store.

Musicke while the Throne descends.

Good. O thou hast lost celestiall happinesse,
Pleasures vnspeakeable, blisse without end.
Hadst thou affected swart Diuinity,
Well or the Diuell had had no power on thee.
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus behold
In what resplendent glozy thou hadst sit
In yonder Throne, likethose bright shining Saints,
And triumpht ouer Hell, that hast thou lost,
And now (poore soule) must thy good Angell leaue thee,
The iawes of Hell are open to receiue thee. Exit.

Hell is discouered.

Bad. Now Faustus let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetuall torture-house.

There are the Furies tossing damned soules,
On burning forkes: their bodies broyle in lead.
There are liue quarters broyling on the coles,
That ne're can dye: this euer-burning Chaire,
Is for o're-tortur'd soules to rest them in.
Where they are fed with soppes of flaming fire,
Where Gluttons, and lou'd only delicates:
And laught to see the poore starue at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see

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Ten thousand tortures that more horrid bee.

Faust. O, I haue scene enough to torture me.

Rad. Nay thou must feele them, tast the smart of all.

He that loues pleasure must for pleasure fall :

And so I leaue thee Faustus till anon,

When wilt thou tumble in confusion.

Exit.

The Clocke strikes eleuen.

Faust. O Faustus.

Now hast thou but one bare halber to liue,

And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.

Stand still you euer-mouing Spheres of heauen,

That time may cease and midnight neuer come,

Faire Natures eye, rise, rise againe and make

Perpetuall day : or let this houre be but a yeare,

A month, a weeke, a naturall day,

That Faustus may repent and saue his soule.

O lente, lente, currite noctis equi.

The Stars mone still, time runnes, the Clocke will strike.

The Diuell will come and Faustus must be damn'd.

O The leape vp to Heauen : who puls me downe ?

See where Christs blood streames in the Firmament,

One drop of blood will saue me : Oh my Christ,

Wend not my heart for naming of my Christ.

Yet will I call on him : O spare me Lucifer.

Where is it now ? 'tis gone.

And see a threatening arme, an angry brow.

Mountaines and Hilles, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heauy wrath of heauen.

No : then will I headlong run into the earth :

Cape earth : Oh no, it will not harbour me.

You Starres that raigne at my nativity,

Whose influence haue allotted death and hell,

Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,

Into the entralls of yea labouring cloud :

That when you vomit forth into the ayre,

My limbes may issue from your smoaky mouthes,

But let my soule mount, and ascend to heauen.

The

of Doctor *Faustus*.

The watch strikes.

O halfe the houre is past: 'twill all be past anon:

O, if my soule must suffer for my frame:

Impose some end to my incessant paine:

Let Faustus live in Hell a thousand yeares,

A hundred thousand and at last be sav'd:

No end is limited to damned soules,

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?

O: why is this immortal that thou hast?

O Pythagoras Metempsychosis, were that true,

This soule should flie from me, and I be chang'd

Into some brutish beast.

All beasts are happy, for when they dye,

Their soules are soon dissolv'd in Elements:

But mine must live still to be plagu'd in Hell.

Curst be the Parents that ingendred me:

No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,

That hath depriv'd thee of the joyes of Heaven.

The clocke strikes twelve.

It strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,

O: Lucifer will beare thee quicke to Hell.

O soule bee chang'd into small water drops,

And fall into the Ocean where be found.

Thunder, and Enter the Devils.

O mercy heaven, looke not so fierce on me,

Adders and Serpents let me breath a while:

Ugly Hell gape not; come not Lucifer,

He burne my bones: O Mephistophilis.

Enter Schollers.

1 Come Gentlemen, let vs go visit Faustus;

For such a dreadfull night was never scene,

Since first the Creation did begin.

Such fearfull noises and cries was never heard:

Pray Heaven the Doctor have escap't the danger.

2 O helpe us heavens, see heere are Faustus kinbes,

All torne asunder by the hand of death.

The Tragicall Historie

3 The Diuell whom Faustus seru'd haue tozne him thus :
For twirt the houres of twelue and one, me thought
I heard him thricke and call aloud for helpe :
At which selfe time, the house seem'd all on fire,
With dreadfull horror of these damned fiends,
2 Well Gentlemen, though Faustus end be such,
As eury Christian heart laments to thinke on :
Yet for he was a Scholler, once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German Schooles,
We'l giue his mangled limbs due buriall:
And all the Students cleath'd in mourning black,
Shall wait vpon his heauy funerall. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus

Cut is the branch that might haue growne full straight,
And burned is Apollo's Lawrell bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man :
Faustus is gone. regard his Hellish fall,
Whose fiendfull fortune may exhort the wise
Onely to wonder at vnlatofull things :
Whose daepenesse doth intice such forward wits,
To practise moze then heauenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat Author opus.

FINIS.

